

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

When You Buy Fall Furniture

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.
Author of "The New Housekeeping."

AUGUST is the month of furniture sales and the wise shopper takes advantage of price reductions to "feather her nest." But there are some points in buying which it might be well for her to consider in advance.

First let us take the all-important bed purchase. Fortunately, there has been a great improvement in the manner of selling beds and bedding in recent years. Today the frame, the springs and the mattress can all be bought

separately. This means that instead of choosing a complete bed at an all-over price, the housewife can pick out one kind of frame and a spring and grade of mattress to suit. There are two things to be considered in the choice of the bed.

One is the frame and the other is the mattress. Because on them depends the comfort and healthful sleeping, it is much better to spend less money on the bedstead and eliminate some of the elaborate knobs and filigree ornament and put money into a box spring or the best woven wire spring and the best mattress. Do not forget either to have the mattress made in two or three sections if it is a double bed, as this will greatly save the strain on the one who has the bed to care for. Also it is very easy to have the store place handles of upholstery braid on each side of the mattress so that it can be grasped and turned more easily.

In buying any furniture such as chairs, tables, etc., two important points for the housekeeper to consider are the amount of carving in the design and whether the wood has a very high polish. Ornate table legs, claw feet and much-carved chair backs may be admired by some, but if the housewife cares about the amount of effort she must bestow on such articles, it is much wiser to choose furniture with plain, simple lines and little or no carving. Every curlicue spindle and carving means places for the lodgment of dust, places that are hard to get at and most difficult to keep absolutely clean. Similarly the high polished woods show dust most easily and most easily become scratched. All wood finishes can be secured in

the dull finish which is just as attractive and which will save much worry and work for the housewife.

Good taste demands plain lines in pillows and upholstery furnishings as well. Fringe is not popular and pillow covers are devoid of cord and ribbon ruffles. Instead of such elaborations which were always likely to become mussed or even fall off (as fringe) from the article they were supposed to decorate, upholsteries and draperies should be of the simplest. The material itself can be rich and decorative, but every bare head, ribbon and fringe should be avoided.

While the stores offer most attractive looking couch covers, pillow tops, etc., it is strange that sometimes err in buying material that is too strongly colored, or which does not combine with other articles in a room. It is a mistake to purchase a pillow so conspicuous that it hits you as you enter the room, or any hanging which is not in harmony with the general color scheme.

Choose all articles of furniture thinking of their use first and beauty second. A beautiful gilded chair may be senseless. The otherwise good-looking chair may be too low in the seat or have an uncomfortable back, or the backs of the dining room chairs may be put in at an uncomfortable angle.

The arm-rest may be not broad enough. The dining table may have a bar across in just the position to strike the knee. The otherwise attractive sideboard may have two cupboards which will be practically worthless, either for linen or food storage. The drawer may not be deep enough, or it may be at the bottom instead of at the top, which will require unnecessary stooping. An ornate claw leg may spoil an otherwise good chair. A poor mirror will make an attractive buffet less effective. All of these points, and many more, should be considered by the housewife before she buys. Do not accept furniture and believe that you can be happy with its shabby things. Somewhere in some store there will be just the piece constructed according to the ideas, and those which will mean less work and care for the housewife. Then when you find it, be willing to pay the price because good furniture, well made and finished, cannot be bought for nothing.

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HERE'S THE "AUTO-GOGGLE" VEIL
Dotted for Fad Yet
Strangely Dotless
for Use

OD designs in the meshes of a veil are another form of feminine trickery. They catch the eye and direct it toward the face of the wearer.

This new veil has accomplished another feat, for it makes the eyes appear large and prominent, while it throws the rest of the face in shadow. This is accomplished by weaving fine diamond mesh circles which are placed over the eyes, while the remainder of the veil is braided from threads of heavier mesh. And it has another advantage, too, for it does not injure the eyes and make the head ache, as dark, thick-thread veils are apt to do.

"Bobby" veils are another novelty of the season, for they hardly reach the upper lip. White veils of this character are popular, and their edges are bordered by a light cord. The "flame veil" is made of a criss-cross net, and its design resembles a border of hot coals about the face. Flames shoot up into the body of the veil mesh and end in a series of graduated dots supposed to represent sparks.

A single dot on a fine veil is always flattering to the wearer, for it further enhances the beauty of the complexion. Small butterfly and dragon designs appear on some of these, and chenille and velvet dots will again be popular. One designer shows pearl gray beauty spots on a gray net.

Among the most beautiful of conservative veils are those of hexagon mesh with hand run designs. Pronounced colors in veils are always in bad taste, and the dyes are dangerous to women with a slight tendency to skin trouble.

The hat should never be put away with the veil still pinned about its brim. The veil should always be taken off, folded, and placed flat in a case or box. Silk veils may be cleaned in gasoline and tepid water and soap may be used to wash veils of linen mesh or those of twisted cotton. And then, if the veil is carefully adjusted—not too tight or too loose—it will add an airy smartness to the hat.

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The Very Latest
Veil Whose Dots Are
Omitted About the Eyes in
the Interest of Clear Vision.

Three Minute Journeys

Where Bandits Preface Robbery with an Ultimatum

By TEMPLE MANNING

HUNTING the Mongolian wild sheep is an exciting sport and dangerous in itself, but the added peril of the Kalmuk outlaws that infest the mountains adds an unlooked for zest that might well be done without.

The wild sheep, or "ovis ammon," are huge members of the sheep family whose curling horns often reach a spread of sixty inches in the towering snow-clad mountain peaks of the Altai mountains. Into the interior of that strange country of Dauguria, whose bandits the Russian custom officials declare have been responsible for more than a dozen disappearances, even the Mexican marauders below our own borders, I went with a party of hunters to bring back some of the wonderful sheep horns we coveted.

Twenty-six partly civilized Kalmuks, with light cars and thirty-nine horses, started in our train as baggage carriers, camp servants and guards who we rode out of Kobo. All of the tales of danger and death that we heard for weeks seemed but wild imaginings as I looked upon our strong caravan. Each man was mounted and had a gun and a brace of pistols, in addition to the wicked looking knife he always carried, and I was convinced that no bandit would dare attack us. The next week proved my mistake.

We were passing through a valley, traveling in single file with our interpreter and guide leading, when a solitary Kalmuk loomed out of the twilight. The interpreter halted, one by one the whole train stopped and I rode forward to learn the cause of the delay. It was soon made imprudently clear to me.

The lone Kalmuk was an emissary, an ambassador of bandits, and he had come to deliver an ultimatum. It was to this effect: If we did not instantly surrender half of our horses, guns and provisions certain death would overtake us. We sensed this in the very air and spent that night in armed vigil, drilling our raw recruits into proficiency with their guns. And the next morning we narrowly escaped ambush.

Lucky our very boldness proved our salvation, and our superior guns soon routed the bandits. Then we pressed on to the snow-clad peaks that rewarded us with all of the wild sheep horns we had desired.

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Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the novel, "Diary of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

The truth about "the girl in the red dress" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to his country of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with growing interest.

WHO IS BOSS?
XIII.

THERE have been a great many humorous anecdotes about who is the head of the house—or who is the "boss"—but I have recently had an experience which determined my status in such brief and positive terms that I shall always feel quite sure just what position I actually fill in my little household.

I have always talked a lot of idle stuff about partnership. I never saw any actual necessity for a "boss." I like the notion of a man and his wife talking domestic problems over amicably and adjusting them with an eye to each other's comfort and inclination.

It took a very simple thing to teach me my place—nothing more than the floor of a cold storage cellar. I made but a great deal about somebody or other's cold storage cellar, and although we had been spending entirely too much money, I eventually decided to have one end of my cellar made into a cold storage place merely so my nightly game of solitaire and my penial of the newspaper might be unmar-

red by irrelevant and significant reference to storage facts.

When a topic really came up every night, I was sure to refer to it. It was for this reason that I may begin with a more accurate relating to something else and seem entirely proper, but I had a two-fold repeated several times with varying intentions to accent certain phases of it—if it began to get at all integral part of the conversation.

For instance the cold storage affair. "I'm going to have a cold storage cellar," said Mary on Tuesday. "I want a wonderful cold storage cellar."

"Yes," said I.

"Mrs. Wayne," said Mary on Wednesday. "I want a wonderful cold storage cellar. She has about everything she wants."

"Mrs. Wayne," said Mary, Thursday. "I want a wonderful cold storage cellar. She has about everything she wants."

"Mrs. Wayne," said Mary, Friday. "I want a wonderful cold storage cellar. She has about everything she wants."

"Mrs. Wayne," said Mary, Saturday. "I want a wonderful cold storage cellar. She has about everything she wants."

cellar. There were voices below discussing something with considerable energy. I heard them distinctly as I passed the window.

"What's all this?" I heard Mary demand in surprise.

"Sand," said the phlegmatic workman, a foreman.

"What's it for?"

"The floor," exclaimed Mary disapprovingly. "This cold storage cellar is to have a cement floor."

Consequently, the man went on working. "You might just as well stop that now," said Mary, with an air of finality. "I'm going to have a cement floor."

"No," said the man. "It's cheap. What was really very much better than he knew. Still he went on working."

Mary stamped her foot. "That's enough," she said. "Stop it!" The man halted. With his foreign conception of domestic arrangements, he said positively:

"Boss," he said, and said it again. "Boss," said Mary, sharply. "What do you mean?"

"Man of the house," he said, and said it again. "Boss," said Mary, sharply. "What do you mean?"

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE.

Dear Annie Laurie:
Your advice to girls is interesting and undoubtedly good, but you impress the girl invariably that the young man of today is an artful deceiver.

I am a young man brought up in the old country, and considered handsome, with fair hair and blue eyes. I have been much sought after by girls, and they are not all such innocent angels. I was in great danger of being wrecked morally and physically by the same innocent looking girls, but through the good teachings of a Christian mother I escaped the many snares, and am now happily married.

Don't be so hard on the young man. A good girl is his best friend. The wicked side is very equally divided as regards sex.

"SCOTTIE."

I'm delighted to hear from you, "Scottie."

I'm glad you're such a good young man and so handsome, too. What a lucky girl you married—and what wicked, wicked deceivers all the girls were you met before you married. Really, it isn't safe to let such creatures go abroad alone—is it?

Now, Scottie, there's a good deal of truth in what you say. Some of the girls are just exactly as bad as a lot of the men—and that's saying a good deal.

A good girl, as you say, is the very best friend a young man can have—I'm glad that you, as a young man, appreciate that fact.

I don't think that the girls are all angels—by any means. I have seen decent men fairly battered into a complaining love affair by girls who pretend to be decent.

There isn't a man in business in any city in the world who is not run after by women—all kinds of women, old and young, ugly and pretty—but whisper, Scottie, honestly now, I've never known a man who has been run after by a woman who is not a good girl.

A bold girl is a blot on civilization—and she does as much harm as a bad man—they're both of them cruel and despicable creatures. Let's be glad we don't know any of them—too well.

Thankful—you don't know what a single heart beat, thrill, horror, knowledge, you are just running. The average girl has a dozen or two beaux who pay her attention, and then she goes to the lower, before she attracts the real man who really cares for her. Don't fret; he'll come along sooner or later, and meanwhile don't take these others seriously. They are just playing, so you play, too.

Inexperienced—There is no propriety in your going automobile in the evening with a man you know well, but I think it is well to be home by 11 o'clock.

H. L. R.—In this country it is quite customary for men and girls to go bathing together, and there is no impropriety in it.

Anxious—If your sweetheart's affection won't stand the strain of an occasional dance with another girl no matter how much he enjoys the dancing, it is not worth much. Don't be silly, and remember there is no more unhappy nor more disagreeable thing in the world than a jealous woman.

M. and D.—I would try to find out, if I were you, just how much truth there is in the thing your friend tells her. Don't take it for granted that she is not telling the truth. Perhaps her word is as reliable as the man's. If you find she has been deceiving you, break with her, for she has been guilty of one of the meanest things a woman can do.

Informal—You are lucky that a "pick up" acquaintance resulted so pleasantly. I can't reiterate too strongly that it is a dangerous and unadvisable practice, but in this case, since a pleasant friendship has been formed, you might as well forget about the "informality" of its beginning.

E. E. F.—You won't like my advice, for I am forced to agree with you that a girl who is not seventeen is too young for you to be running around in the evenings without a chaperone. The fact that you are a professional dancer and are constantly thrown with strange men should make you the more careful.

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Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and they will be answered in this column. They should be addressed to her care this office.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How Habits Cage Men
Closer Than Steel Bars

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A. M. D. (Johns Hopkins).
ALEXANDER THE GREAT had Callisthenes, the philosopher, chained up in an iron cage for seven months. This was because Callisthenes refused to consider him Emperor by divine right. Catherine the Second of Russia kept her hairdresser chained in an iron cage for more than three years in her bed chamber, to prevent him telling people that she was bald and had to wear a wig.

King Edward the First confined the Countess of Buchan in an iron cage for placing the crown of Scotland on the head of Bruce. The cage was erected on one of the towers of Berwick Castle. Here the countess was exposed to the rigor of the elements and the gaze of the passers-by.

Louis XI confined Cardinal Balue for ten years in an iron cage in the Castle of Loches. Tamarlane locked the Sultan Bajazet in an iron cage and made him a public show. He was transported in this cage, which was along between two horses.

Yet none of these cages of men are as effective as the cages of men are in any sense of the word—ropes, stocks, or halters that habits are.

To sit always in the same seat, to walk upon the same street, to cross a street always in the same way, to think always the same thoughts, to read always the same parts of the same newspaper, is imprisonment and thralldom worse than any suffered by these historic characters in chains.

Habit Hinders Thought.
The thoughts, opinions, work, and health of most persons are formed and remain at a low ebb throughout life, because the habits become set in youth and never change throughout life.

There is no greater physiological sign of decadence and lapse of human power into mere animality than to think the same thoughts at this moment that you thought the time last year, the year before, and the preceding years. That is a life sentence in slavish chains.

There are no weightier drugs upon healthful thought and progressive action than the clanking chains of never-broken habits. The seat habits must be switched into a new channel, or linked into new harness at frequent intervals, or the owner remains merely to vegetate.

Even the habit of patience ceases to be a virtue. It coils like a serpent around the heart like a serpent and puts you in that vestibule of Dante's Inferno where "the blameless and the pious" are chained.

Habit Weakens Vitality.
It is as hard to break the habit of patience as of indulgence. The habit of error is as difficult to short-circuit as belief and knowledge. Habit is a plague and an abomination beside which those that visited Egypt are as nothing.

The reason why many schoolmasters and college professors are half-seasick with one-sided specialism, and useless in everything else, is because of their isolated habits. They scoff at the shoemaker, the farmer, the mechanic, the carpenter, yet they list just as heavily to starboard themselves.

Neurosthenia, hysteria, menapausal depression, and a myriad of maladies are usually explosions of your tissues against the rut and routine of narrow mercantile, financial, and similar habits of work or thought.

These thought disorders are nature's way to resent your absence of adaptability. (Copyright, 1914, Newspaper Feature Service.)

Answers to Health Questions
Mrs. E.—Should a boy 13 sleep with a chin strap?

All growing children—as well as all persons for that matter—should sleep in a simple, separate bed with the windows wide open. It is unsanitary and unhealthy not to.

R. E.—What is good for dry, scaly face with red spots and pimples?

The scaling is, no doubt, due to some drug you have used for the pimples. Keep your intestines active twice a day, let your face alone for one week, and then use liquid sulphur on the pimples.

EDNA E. L.—What causes hair to fall out?

1. What will remove freckles?
2. How can I cure a cold in the chest?

1. This is nature's provision and protection. It is a good thing. The only thing that will remove these face marks of vigor and health.

2. Live in the fresh air by day and go to bed early at night.

A VIOLINIST—Suggest a remedy for cough.

Whenever any person buys a piece of furniture from us we remember that some day that person will likely need more.

We remember that every piece of Furniture we sell stands in some home as a recommendation for or against our firm.

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TIMES BEDTIME STORY



A GOOD WASH.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

POLY brought out the wash tub and the wringer and the bucket and set them on the long low bench. He sighed every now and then as if he were in great pain, and would stop and wipe his eyes.

"A matter fact there wasn't anything the matter with him. He just felt sorry for himself. You see Poly had gone out to spend the whole day long with Mrs. Hicks and Fannie, now that she was so nice they liked her, and poor Poly was left to do what little washing there was."

"I don't see why I should be left to do this," he complained, "it is not work for a puppy boy." He grumbled and growled, but as he thought of all of the things that his fat sister Roly did for him without ever saying a word, he quieted down.

As he gathered the clothing together for the first dip, he sighed in a very shamefaced manner. "This isn't going to be half as bad as I thought it was," he said. "I suppose it is just the fear that that rascal of a Tom Tabby will see me. His arms were full of clothes, little dresses of Roly, and his suits. He held them high, out somehow, they began to slip, and slide, and the first thing he knew his feet had caught, and he fell forward on his face, directly toward the open door. To his surprise, as he fell, he heard some one in the doorway. He saw taking his nose out of the folds of the dresses, he looked up. Tommy Tabby, with a naughty grin on his face, and his green eyes shining like twin stars, looked him in the face.

Poly wanted to say something unkind, but for the life of him he couldn't. There was something so funny about the way he looked, and all of a kind, on the face of the round-eyed kitty boy, that he smiled instead.

"Well, Poly did not move from his position flat on the floor."

"Doing a washing?" It is something I have done many a time," Poly smiled with relief and sat up.

"I thought that I would let Roly off for today," he explained.

"Mighty good of you," Tom replied. "But let's get to work."

Now, neither of them knew how to wash clothes, but each one was afraid to tell the other. They got along beautifully, until the clothes which had been boiled were dumped out.

They fell, steaming, into the tub, and as soon as the steam died away they looked at one another in hor-

ror. Well they might, for everything was a deep blue! They had boiled a dress that never should have been boiled, and the color had run.

Tommy was the first to speak.

"Nothing to do but finish. Then you come to my house and stay. I'll wash the clothes for you. Poly nodded in assent; he could not bear to think of Poly's wrath. They finished the washing and hung the blue clothes out on the line. Five dresses, two of which had been white, were changed. The white ones were dark blue, and the other dresses had changed color, too. Tom grabbed the puppy by the arm and wouldn't look at it," he giggled.

"Come with me."

He stayed at the Tabby's house for dinner, and he stayed in his heart that he never would have to leave again. Out on the porch toward nightfall, he sat with Tom and the other kiddies. He couldn't laugh, he was not happy—and when Tommy pinched his jaw with his sharp teeth and whispered, "Here comes your storm," and he saw Roly coming up the path, he was almost revolted.

He would know the worst at once. He knew that she had been home and had seen the clothes. He braced himself for a scolding, perhaps a slap in the face.

Roly rushed up the path, and ran to him at once, barefooted, nodding to him. She jumped at Poly, and he ducked his head and threw out his paws. Tom Tabby left for that other side of the house, so he heard what happened next, but he heard about it.

For Roly did not strike again, but sat where she was with her arms around Poly's neck, and kissing him. He stared at her with his wide mouth open, and his eyes open as the twin stars, looked him in the face.

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